Under Lock & Key

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Under Lock & Key

by orphan_account

Summary

A possessive Hannibal finds Will right as he is going into heat.

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Seven prompts taken from a variety of Kinktober prompt lists, used to write a sequence of 100-word drabbles.

A new seven-chapter batch should be posted to the series each Saturday, with the exception of October 31st.

Please check each chapter title to avoid interacting with a kink that does not interest and/or trigger you.

Familiar Scents

The fragrance hit Hannibal like a strike to the jaw. It threw him off kilter and froze all the neurons in his brain, halting every thought.

Raspberry, amber, dark chocolate, and patchouli.

It was…

Hannibal scanned the main corridor of the Bureau's educational building.

…undeniably Omegan.

Though this treasure's scent had a tang to it. One that was heavy and decadent, like mousse caressing his palate.

Now here, the fragrance lingered in the form of a jittery body fumbling to unlock the door to his classroom.

Hannibal scrutinized every inch of the Omega and then began to search for cameras.

Bondage

With the snare set, he waited for his prey.

His name was Will. But such trivia did not matter like him committing Hannibal's name to heart did.

After the Omega's hounds received their peace offering, Hannibal coaxed them to scent him, camouflaging his presence on the WolfTrap property.

The raspberry and amber heightened due to Will's pending heat deepening. His fragrance grew closer and potent.

Hannibal counted each passing second; counted each step the confused Omega took toward the wood–delirious–not sure if he was alone.

Until finally, his body was swiftly strung into the air by a web of ropes.

Sensory Deprivation

Will woke to darkness, unsure if he was in a larger room prone to drafts or a cramped one, usually stuffy.

With limbs chained to corners of a bed, he couldn't look around to scent his surroundings. His neck was tethered above a cushion doused in the aroma of fresh coffee, extinguishing any other motes of smell.

The ringing in his ears from being battered back in the wood greeted him upon rising. It masked the sound of shoes approaching. Then it reached him.

An Alpha that…

Cinnamon, tobacco, sandalwood, and *patchouli*.

…was compatible with him.

Will whined in distress.

Sex Toys

In his mind palace, Hannibal imagined his new acquisition where he left him, bound to a bed of finer quality than the Alpha saw at the shack Will was rescued from.

Hannibal's mind spent creative agency on speculation also.

Of the Omega luxuriating upon the mattress, enraptured by what little of Hannibal's scent he remembered. Of his hole conforming to the dilator Hannibal graciously inserted, counteracting the Omega's delayed slick production.

Once he finally concluded Froideveaux's session–a presumptuous Omega, believing the signs of the psychiatrist's arousal were his own design–Hannibal would at last feast upon Will in all his glory.

Noncon

Hannibal was met by heavy molten lava and chocolate on arrival, with no visible source. Though his face remained static, his heart quickened.

Chains jingling by the bedside roused Hannibal. He crossed the room to find the Omega hiding with three limbs free–tenacious despite being heat-impaired.

In a splenetic outburst, Will used his free hand to lash out, growling. But Hannibal took it in his own and twisted the Omega down to the ground, undressing him.

A knot would sedate him, and end this lover's spat.

So with his trousers now undone and Will's scruff in hand, Hannibal thrusted in.

Breeding

Each pulse of cum that shot into him caused Will to screw his eyes tighter shut, inhibiting his perception of the scene he passively played a role in. Not a drop would go to waste with the now-inflated knot stationed in him.

Will’s stomach churned at the lovesick croon the Alpha let out, meant to appeal to his biology. Both knew this interaction would render him gravid.

This was unideal, but would give him leverage toward escape.

He simply needed to exercise patience.

Resolute, Will let his body fall lax, and he artfully nuzzled his head under the Alpha’s jaws.

Napping Together

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal moved them to the bed–spared from defilement–after the ire of the Omega beneath him and the diameter of his knot began to diminish.

On the floor had been electrifying, yet improper.

First times aside, they would have countless others to mate in a true bed. And once, not if, things progressed, they could move to the Alpha's own upstairs.

Hannibal sensed that there were still embers flickering in Will's spirit, docile as he appeared while feigning sleep.

And so Hannibal pretended too, leaving them to cruise the spectrum of consciousness, shallowly scenting one another, and devising their next attacks.

Chapter End Notes

Pretends that I cannot see the 707 word count after meticulously counting each drabble

What do we think? :)

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